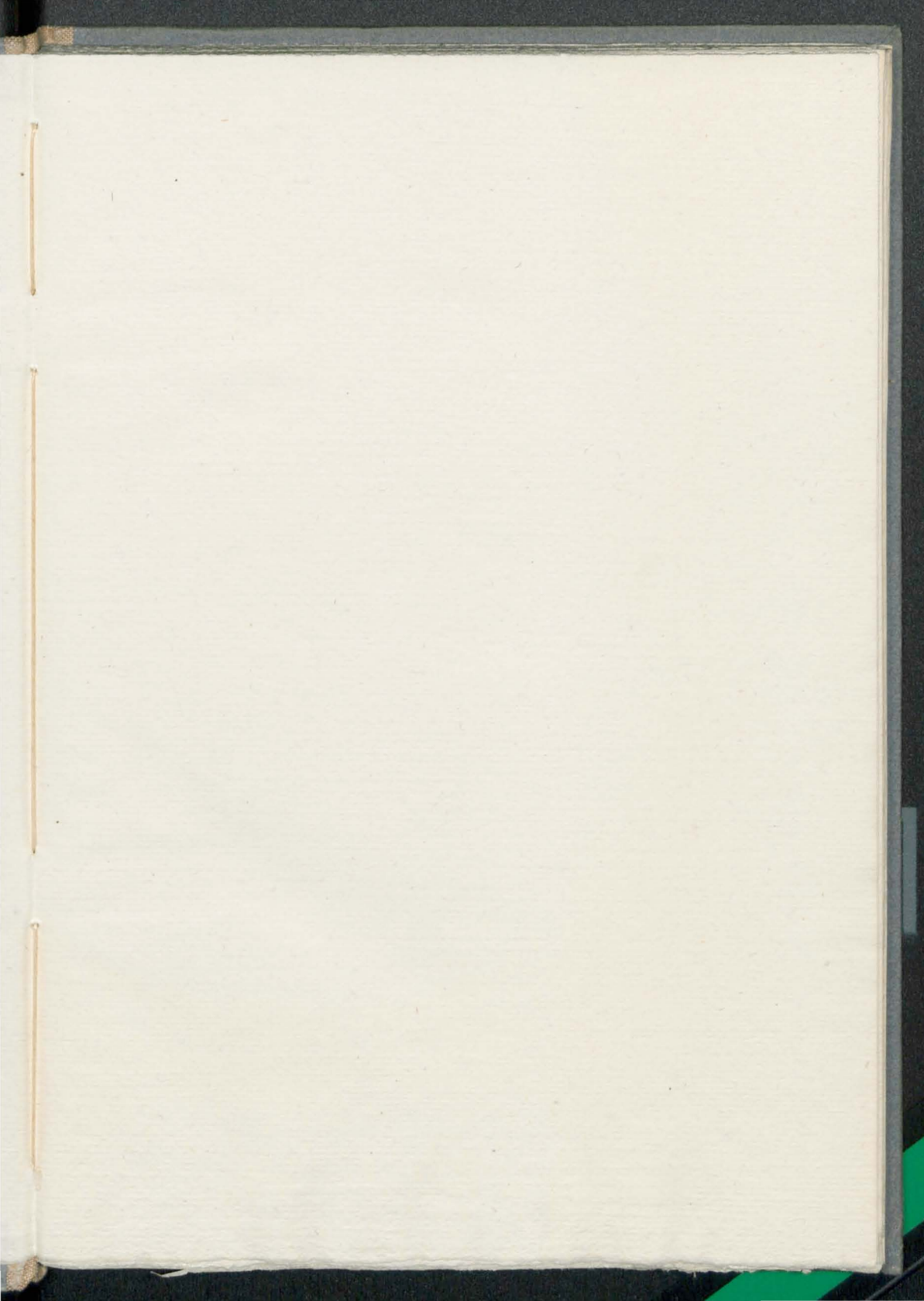
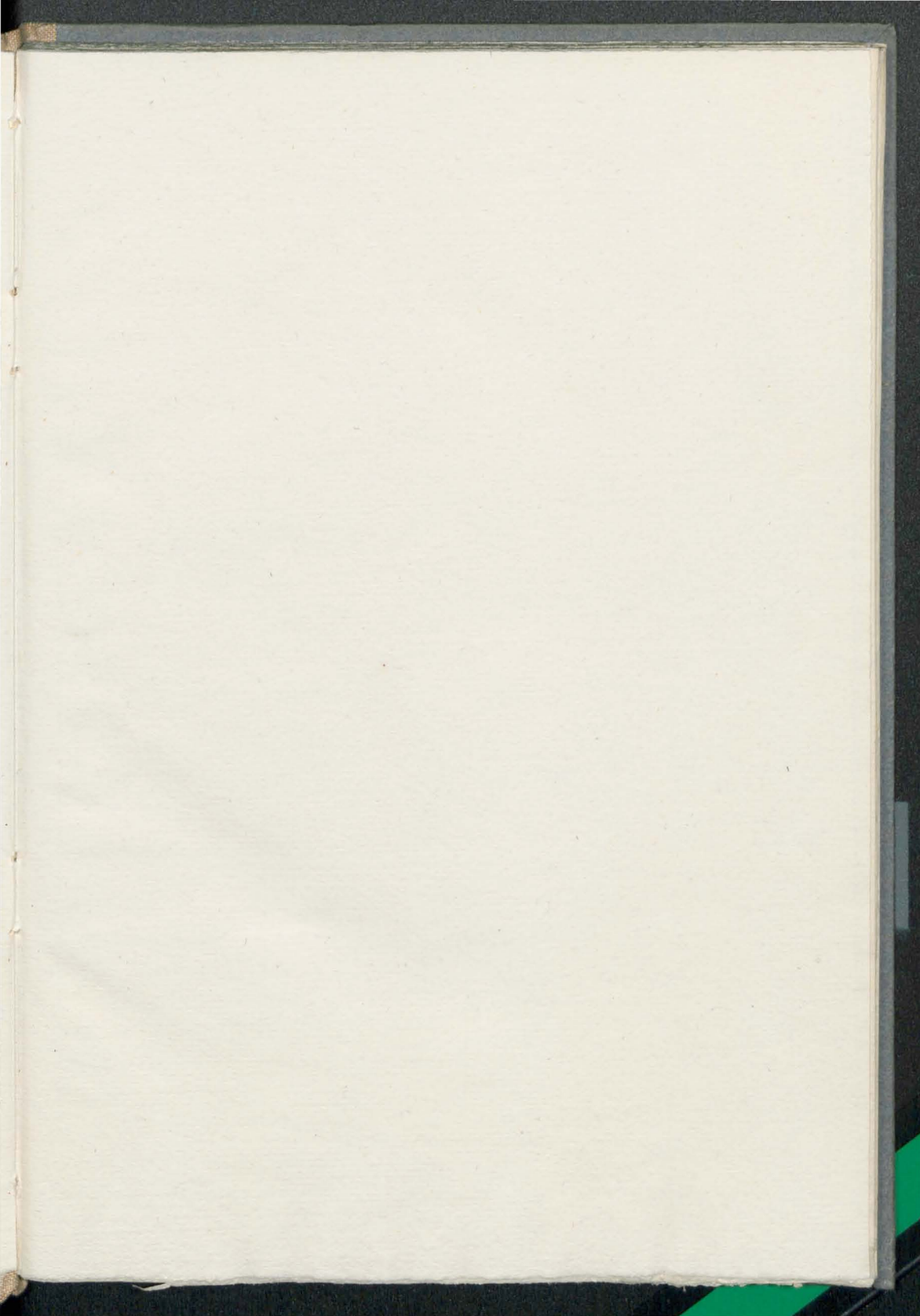


SYR VSHMBRACE ❁❁

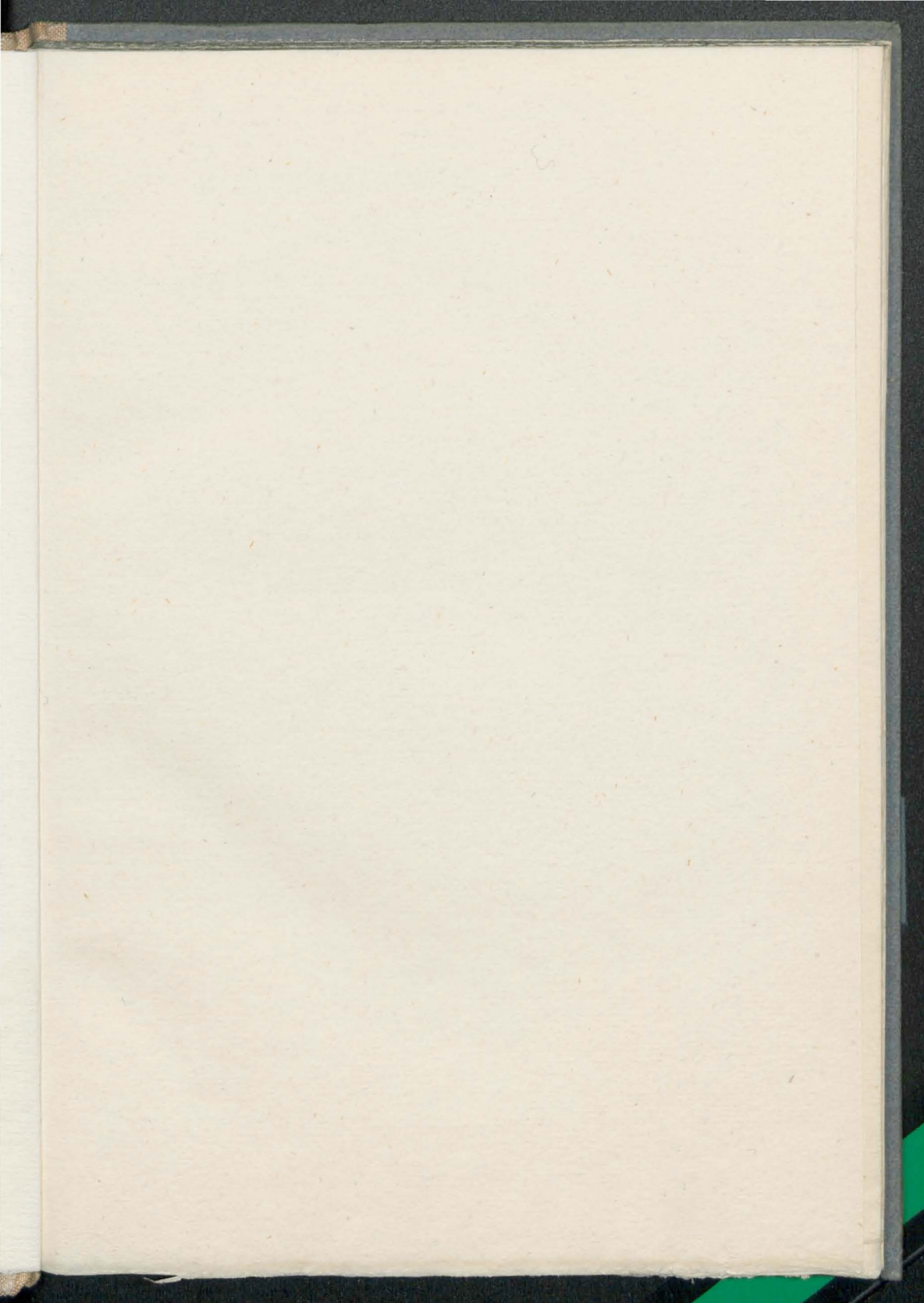














STANBROOK



SYR YSAMBRACE

Rare

PR

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1897

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THE ROMANCE OF SIR ISUM-  
BRAS.

Here begynnes the Romance off Syr  
Ysambrace



BEST CRIST,  
Lorde of hevene  
kynge,  
Graunte us alle  
his dere blyss-  
ynge,  
And hevene un-  
to oure mede!  
Now, hende in  
haule, and ye

wolde here  
Of eldirs that byfore us were,  
That lyffede in arethede,  
I wille yow telle of a knyghte,  
That bothe was stalworthe & wyghte,  
And worthily undir wede:  
His name was hattene syr Ysambrace,  
Swilke a knyghte als he was  
Now lyffes nowrewhare in lede.

**H**E was mekille mane and lange,  
With schuldurs brode and armes  
strange,

Of Sir  
Isumbras  
and his  
house-  
hold

That semly were to see;  
So was he bothe faire and heghe,  
Alle hym loffede that hym seghe,  
So hende a mane was hee!  
He luffede glewmene wele in haulle,  
He gafe thame robis riche of palle,  
Bothe golde and also fee;  
Of curtasye was he kynge,  
Of mete and drynke no nythyng,  
One lyfe was none so fre.

**A**Ls fayre a lady to wyefe had he  
Als any erthly mane thurte see,  
With tunge als I yow nevene;  
Knave childire had thay thre,  
Thay were the faireste that myghte be  
Undir the kynge of hevene!  
Bot in his hert a pride was broghte,  
Of Goddis werkes gafe he noghte,  
His mercys for to nevene;  
So longe he reynghed in his pride,  
That God wolde no lenger habyde,  
To hym he sent a stevene.

**I**T felle so appone a daye,  
The knyghte went to the wode  
hym to playe,

He must  
sufferwoe  
in age or  
youth

His foreste for to see;  
And als he come by a derne sty,  
A fowle herde he synge one hy  
fulle heghe upone a tree,  
And said, Welcome, syr Ysambrace,  
Thou hafes forgetyne whate thou was,  
for pride of golde and fee!  
The kyng of hevene gretis the soo,  
Werldes wele the bus forgoo,  
In elde or youthe thou salle dry woo,  
Chese whethir es lever to thee!

**W**ITH carefulle herte and syghe-  
yngez sare,  
The knyghte felle on his knes  
al bare,

And bothe his handis uphelde:  
Werldes wele I wille forsake,  
And to Goddes mercy I me bytake,  
To hym my saule I yelde!  
In youthe I maye bothe ryde and goo,  
When I ame alde I maye nott so,

He  
chooses  
to open  
ance in  
youth

My lymmes wille waxe unwelde;  
Now, Lorde, yif it thi wille bee,  
In yowthede penance send thou mee,  
And welthe appone myne elde!

**T**HE foule thane toke ane heghe  
flyghte,  
Alleone he leved that drery knyghte,  
And sone he went awaye;  
And whenne he of the fowle had no  
syghte,  
His stede, that was bothe stronge and  
wyghte,  
Sone dede downe undir hym laye.  
His hawkes and his howndis bothe,  
Wente to the wode, als thay were wrothe,  
Ilkone a dyverse waye.  
Whate wondir was thofe hym ware wo,  
One fote now moste hym nedis goo,  
To pyne turnes alle his playe!

**A**ND als he wente by a wod schawe,  
Thare mett he with a lyttile knave  
Come rynnande hym agayne;  
And wele wers tythynges he hym tolde,

Brynned were alle his byggynges bolde,  
His bestes werene alle slayne!

¶ **A**l Lorde, ther es no thyng lefte one  
lyfe

Bot thi thre childir and thi wyfe,  
The sothe es noghte to layne!

¶ The knyghte thane ansuerde with  
herte so vey,

With thi that I may one hir see,  
My wyfe and my childre thre,  
Yitt was never mane so fayne.

His build/  
ings are  
burnt and  
his wife  
and chil-  
dren out-  
cast

**B**OT als he wente by hym allone,  
His hirde/mene mett he everylkone,  
With a fulle drery swoghe,  
And saide thaire fee was fro thame  
revede,

¶ Certis, syr, us es noghte levyde  
A stotte unto youre plowghe!

¶ Thay wepede sare and gaffe thame ille;  
The knyghte bad thay solde be styлле,

¶ I wytte yow noghte this woghe;  
God that sent me alle this woo,  
Wele hase he sent me also,  
And yitt may send ynoghe!

He  
comforts  
them

**A**DOLEFULLE syghte the  
knyghte gane see  
Of his wyfe and his childir three,  
That fro the fyre were flede;  
Alle als nakede als thay were borne  
Stode togedir undir a thorne,  
Braydede owte of thaire bedd.  
Bot changede never the knyghttes blee,  
To he sawe thame so nakede bee  
He levyde so comly cledde.  
The lavedy bade hir childir be blythe,  
I see youre fadir yondir one lyve,  
for nothyng be ye drede!

**T**HEY wepede alle and gafe thame  
ille,  
The knyghte bad thay solde be  
styllle,  
And wepe ye noghte so sore;  
for alle the sorowe that we aryne inne,  
It es ilke dele for oure syne,  
We ware worthi wele more!  
Bot we kane nonekyns werkes wyrke,  
Owre frendis of us wille sone be irke,  
Of lande I rede we fare;

Of myselvene hafe I no thoghte,  
Bot I may helpe my childir noghte,  
for thame es alle my kare!

And  
clothes  
them in  
his man-  
tle and  
surcoat

**T**HE knyghte toke offe his mantille of  
palle,  
And over his weyfe he lete it falle  
With a fulle drery mode;  
His riche surcote iwysse schare he,  
And gafe his pore childir thre,  
That nakede byfore hym stode.  
Now salte ye alle, he said, do my rede,  
To seke thare God was qwike and dede,  
That done was one the rode;  
for Jesus Criste so hende es he,  
That who so sekes hym with herte fre,  
He sendis thame lyves fode.

**A**ND with a knyfe son gerte he  
schare  
A crose appone his schuldur bare,  
In storye als I yowe saye;  
Alle those that there his frendis ware,  
They wepid alle and syghede sare,  
Thayre sange was waylawaye!

They de-  
part in  
poverty

The knyghte and his lady hende  
Toke lefe at thaire dere frendes,  
And made thaire fondynge daye;  
for thame weped bothe olde and yynge,  
Thare was a carefulle departynge,  
And sythene thay went thaire waye.

**W**ITH thame tuke thay fulle  
littille gude  
That myghte helpe tham to  
thaire lyves fode,  
Nowther golde ne fee;  
Bot in the lande to begge thaire mete,  
Were so that thay myghte any gete  
for saynte charite.  
fyve wokes thus them gunne thay over-  
passe,  
Als it Jhesu Cristes wille was,  
With thaire childir three;  
Tho that are was wonte to wele and wyne,  
The myschevous poverté that thay were  
inne  
Grete dole it was to see!

**V**ITT in a wode thay were gone  
wylle,  
Towne ne myghte thay none wyne  
tille,  
Als very als thay were;  
Bot whenne thre dayes till end was gane,  
Mete ne drynke ne hade thay nane,  
Thay weped for hungre sore!  
Nothyng sawe thay that come of corne,  
Bot the floures of the thorne,  
Upon those holtes hore;  
Thay entirde thane to a water kene,  
The banks were fulle ferre bytwene,  
And watirs breme als bare.

They  
come to a  
river. The  
Knight  
bears his  
sons over

**T**HE knyghte his eldeste sone tase  
there,  
And over the water he hym bare,  
And sett hym one the bryme;  
And sayde, Luke, my sone, that thou be  
style,  
To whils I feche thi brother the tille,  
And playe the with the blome.  
The knyghte that was bothe hend  
and gude,

**A lion and  
a leopard  
seize two  
of them** Agayne swythe over the water he wode,  
His medille sone over to brynge;  
So come a lyonne with latys unmylde,  
And in hir pawes scho hent the childe,  
And to the wode faste gane rynne.

**G**HANE with carefulle herte and  
syghynge sare,  
His medilmaste sone yit lefte he  
thare,  
And wente wepynge awaye.  
Thus with sorowfulle chere and drery  
mode,  
Agayne over the water he wode,  
To pyne tornes alle his playe!  
A labarde ther come and tuk that othir,  
To the wode he bare hym to his brother,  
Wygthly he wente awaye!  
The lady grette and gafe hir ille,  
Nere scho wolde hirselve ne spille  
One lande righte whare scho laye.

**T**HE knyghte mase dole and sorowe  
ynoghe,  
Nerehand he hymselfe ne sloghe

Are he come to the banke;  
And the lady grett and gafe hir ille,  
Nowther of tham myghte other stille,  
Thaire sorowe it was fulle ranke!  
Thay sayd, alas that thay were borne,  
felle werdes es layde us byforne,  
That are were wele and wanke!  
The knyghte bad scho sulde be stille,  
And gladly suffir Goddes wille,  
As awe hym alle to thanke!

He cros-  
ses with  
his wife &  
youngest  
child

**L**ITTILLE wondir thofe thame  
wo were,  
for bothe thaire childir leve thay  
there,  
Hys lovely sonnes two.  
Hys wyfe thane toke he there,  
And over the water he thane bare  
His yongeste sone also.  
And thurgh a foreste yode thay three,  
And entred in towardez the Greckes see,  
Thare thay sawe stormes bloo:  
And appone the lond thus als thay stude,  
Thay sawe come saylande over the flode  
A thowsand schippes and moo.

They  
come to  
the  
strand, &  
see the  
Saracen  
fleet

**A**ND als thay stode so appone the  
lande,  
And lokede into the see strande,  
Those schippes sawe thay ryde  
With toppe/castelles sett one lofte,  
Of riche golde thame semed wroghte,  
Stremours fro thame ferre gane glyde.  
The sowdanne hymselfe was therinne,  
That Cristendome was commene to  
wynne,  
Thare wakkyns woo fulle wyde!  
The knyghte thoghte that he wolde  
wende  
Into that havene at ferrere ende,  
A littille ther bysyde.

**T**HOSE schippes landed by that  
land syde,  
The folke come up with mekille  
pryde,  
Yaa moo thene I kane nevene;  
The knyghte thane karpede to the lady  
free,  
What maye thiese ferly folkkes bee?  
He spake with lowde stevene:

In this foreste lange hafe we gane,  
Mete ne drynke myghte we gete nane  
More thane thiese dayes sevene;  
Aske we thiese folkes of thaire mete,  
And luke yife we maye any gete  
for Goddis lufe of hevene!

They  
crave food  
of the  
Soudan

**A**NTILLE a galaye thus gane thay  
wynne,  
There the sowdane of those Sara-  
zenes was inne,  
That fulle richely was wroghte;  
Thay askede hym some lyves fode  
for His lufe that dyede on the rode,  
And made this worlde of noghte!  
The Sarazens said he was a spye,  
Whenne that thay herde hym swa gates  
crye,  
That thaire schippes had soghte;  
The sowdane bade do hym awaye,  
for thay lefe nott on owre laye,  
Loke that ye gyffe hym noghte!

The Sow-  
dan will  
take the  
Knight  
into ser-  
vice

**A**KNYGHT saide to the sow-  
dane kynge,  
Now certis, syr, it es a wondir  
thyng

Yone pore mane for to see;  
for he es bothe lange and heghe,  
The faireste mane that ever I seghe,  
A knyghte hym semes to bee.  
His wyfe es whitte as walles bone,  
Hir lyre es als the see fome,  
And bryghte als any blee.

**T**he sowdane than gret rewthe thoghte,  
And command that thay solde be broghte,  
He wolde hymselfe thame see.

**W**HENNE he hir sawe, hym rewed  
sare,  
So semly als thay bothe ware,  
If thay were robed riche.  
The sowdane byddes hym gold and fee,  
**I**f thou wille duelle and be with me,  
And helpe me to my fyghte;  
If thou be doghty mane of dede,  
Thou salle be horssede on a stede,  
Myselfe salle dube the knyghte!

**A**LLE stille thane stode syr Ysam-  
brace,  
A Sarazene he sawe wele that he was,  
And sone he sayde hym naye:

Sir Isum-  
bras will  
not con-  
sent

✱ Certis, that salle I never mare  
Agayne Crystyndomme fyghte no fare,  
And lefe appone thi laye.  
Now in this foreste hafe we gane,  
Metene drynke we myghte gete nane,  
This es the sevente daye;  
I aske yow some lyves fode  
for his lufe that dyed on rode,  
And late us wende oure waye.

**T**HE sowdane sawe that lady thare,  
Hym thoghte als scho an angelle  
ware,

That ware commene owte of hevene.  
He saide, Wille thou selle thi wyffe to me?  
And I wille gyff the golde and fee,  
Yaa more than thou kane nevene:  
I salle the gyffe tene thowsand pownde  
Of florence that bene rede and rownde,  
And gud robes sevene;  
And scho salle be lady of alle my lande,

He is  
forced to  
sell his  
wife, and  
is beaten

And alle salle bowe hir to fote and hande,  
And noghte withstande hir stevene.

**S**IR YSAMBRACE sayd thane  
schortly, Naye,  
My wyfe wille I nott selle awaye,  
Bot mene me for hir slaa;  
I wedded hir in Goddes laye,  
To halde hir to myne endyng daye,  
Yaa bothe in wele and waa.  
The gold thane on his mantille thay  
talde,  
And tille hymeselfene thay gane it falde,  
His wyefe thay tuke hym fraa;  
And appone the lande thay hym kaste,  
And bett hym tille his rybbis braste,  
And made his flesche fulle blaa!

**T**HE littille childe one lande was sett,  
And sawe how mene his fadir bett,  
He wepid and was fulle waa.  
The lady grete and gafe hir ille,  
Unnethes thay myght halde hir stille,  
That ne scho hirselve walde slaa.  
Hir armes scho sprede & lowde gane crye,

And ofte scho cryed one oure lady,  
Salle we departe in two?  
Alas! for salle I never blythe be,  
My weddede lorde salle I never see,  
Now wakyns alle my woo!

The  
Soudan  
makes  
the lady  
Queen of  
his land

**W**HENNE the wounded knyght  
myght upstande,  
He tok his childe by the hande,  
Wepande awaye went hee.  
A riche schippe was dighte righte yare,  
The sowdane bad that lordes solde fare  
With that lady so free;  
The sowdane with his ownne honde  
Crowned hir qwene of alle his londe,  
And sent hir to his conntre:  
A chartir was mad fulle wele farande,  
The sowdane selide it with his hande,  
That thofe he never come in his lande,  
That scho solde qwene bee.

**W**HEN the lady in schippe was  
yare,  
Ever scho weped fulle selly sare,  
And knelis byfore the kynge.

She asks  
a boon for  
her hus-  
band

¶ Sir kynge, scho sayde, I pray the  
A bowne that thou wille graunt to me,  
Now at oure parttyng;  
Mete and drynke thou gare tham gyfe,  
A sevenyghte that thay myght with lyfe,  
That littille childe and he.

¶ The sowdane grauntes, scho was fulle  
fayne;  
Scho callyd hir lorde to hir agayne,  
A ryng was thaire takynnyng.

**T**HE lady was curtayse and mylde,  
Scho blyssede hir lorde & hir childe,  
And felle downe one hir knee.  
Thay drewe up sayle of ryche hewe,  
The wynde thame sonne owte of havene  
blewe  
With that lady so free.  
The wonded knyghte hym downe sett,  
And for his wyfe fulle sare he grett,  
Whils he thaire schipe myghte see.  
And whenne the knyght myghte up-  
stande,  
He toke his childe by the hande,  
And awaye thane faste went hee.

**S**YTHENE sett he hym downe undir  
a tree,  
Unnethes myghte he with ehgne see,  
So had he wepede sare!  
Mete and drynke forthe he droghe,  
He gafe his childe at ete ynoghe,  
His hert thane was fulle sare;  
In his mantille of skarlet rede  
Ymange his golde he did his brede,  
And with hyme he it bare.

His gold  
is borne  
off by an  
eagle,  
and his  
youngest  
son by a  
unicorn

**T**HE knyghte come to a banke fulle  
drye,  
And thare byhoves hym al nyghte  
to lye,  
for ferrere myghte noghte he;  
There come in the mournynge an egle  
flyande,  
And sone the knyghtes mantille he fande,  
And awaye therwith gane flye.  
The knyghte folowed that egle to the see;  
And that same tyde come an unycorne,  
His yongeste sone away hase he borne,  
Swylke sorowe that knyghte gane dree!

He be-  
comes a  
black-  
smith

**O**FTEN was that knyghte bothe wele  
and woo,  
Bot never yitt als he was thoo;  
He sett hym one a stone.

With carefulle mode and drery stevene,  
Unto the heghe kyng of hevene  
Made he thane his mone.

¶ **H**I Lorde, he saide, fulle wo es me,  
So faire childir als I hafede thre,  
And nowe ame I lefte allone!  
Now Gode, that beres the heghe crowne,  
The waye he wysse me to some towne,  
for fulle wille I ame of wone!

**B**OT als the knyghte went thorow  
a lawe,  
Smethymene thore herde he blawe,  
And fyres thore bryne and glewe;  
He askede tham mete for charyte,  
And thay bade hym swynke, And swa  
do we,  
Hafe we none other ploghe.  
The knyghte ansuerde fulle sone agayne,  
¶ **F**or mete, he sayde, I wold wyrke fayne,  
Bathe bere and drawe ynoghe.

Thane mete thay gafe hym fulle gud  
wone,  
And thay garte hym bere iryne and stone  
Owte of a sory sloghe.

He makes  
him a suit  
of ar-  
mour af-  
ter seven  
years

**A**ND thus bare the knyght iryne and  
stone  
Unto the sevene wyntter were alle  
gone,  
And wroghte hymselfene fulle woo;  
And untill that he couthe make a fyre,  
And than thay gafe hym yomans hyre,  
Wele more he wroghte thane twoo!  
A smethymane thus was he thore  
fully sevene yere or more,  
And blewe thaire belyes bloo;  
And by that he hade hymselfene dyghte  
Alle the atyre that felle to a knyghte,  
Bot that he was noghte horsed ryghte  
To batelle whenne he solde goo.

**A**LL those sevene yere, I undir-  
stande,  
The sowdane werreyede in Cris-  
tene lande,

**He will** And wakenede woo fulle wyde;  
**fight the** The Crystene kynges hase fledde so lange,  
**Saracens** To thay hafe getyne tham powere  
strange,  
Those Sarazenes for to byde.  
A daye of batelle than was sett,  
That Cristyne and haythene samene  
solde mete  
A littylle ther besyde.  
Sir Ysambrace hym umbithoghte  
Appone a horse that coles broghte  
That he wolde thedir ryde.

**B**EMES thane herde he blowe fulle  
lowde,  
And sawe knyghtes and beryns  
prowde,  
And swerdes drawene one lofte.  
He sett hym downe appone his kne,  
To Jhesu Criste than prayes he,  
And enterely hym bysoghte:  
Nowe, Lorde, he saide, thou lene me  
grace in this felde,  
Yone heythene sowedane that I may yelde  
The woo he hase me wroghte!

**T**HE knyghttes herte it was fulle  
gude,  
And forthe he went with hardy mode,  
And thryse he gonne hym sayne  
for no wapene wolde he stynt;  
There lyffede none that hent his dynt,  
Tille that his horse was slayne.  
Than the knyghte to the grownde  
soughte,  
A Crystyne erle hym helpede one lofte,  
And owte of the batelle he hym broghte  
Untille an heghe mountayne;  
And stoppede his wondis that gunne  
blede,  
And sythene he horsede hym one a stede,  
And thane he soghte agayne.

None can  
with-  
stand his  
onset

**B**OT whenne he was horsede on a  
stede,  
He sprange als any sparke one glede  
With grymly growndyne gare;  
The beryns he hitt appone the hode,  
Thorowe the breste/bane it wode,  
And yit es sene whare his horse stode,  
And salle be evermare!

He slays  
the Sou-  
dan, & is  
brought  
before the  
King

Thane rode he up at ane heghe moun-  
tayne,  
And thare the sowdane hase he slayne,  
And many that with hym were;  
Thre dayes and thre nyghttes  
Agaynes the Sarazenes held he fyghttes,  
And the batelle venqueste he thare.

**A**ND whenne the Sarazenes were  
alle slayne,  
The Crystene kynges were fulle  
fayne,  
Thay made thame gamene and glee.  
The kyng thane askede after that mekille  
knyght,  
That hase done so doghetyly in this  
fyghte,  
That I may never hym see:  
Erles and baronns thay hafe hym soghte,  
And byfore the kyng they hafe hym  
broghte,  
A fulle sare wondide mane was hee!  
The kyng his name faste fraynes thane,  
Sir, he saide, I am a smethymane,  
Whate es your wille with me?

**T**HE kyng ansuerde the knyghte  
thane,  
Wondir I haue that any smethy-  
mane

In werre was ever so wyghte.

**T**he kyng bad that he solde haue mete  
and drynke,

And alle that he wolde after thynke,

Tille he hade coverde his myghte;

And thane by his crowne the kyng sware,

That whenne he were coverde of his care,

That he wolde dubbe hym knyghte.

And at a nunrye the knyght was levede,

To hele the wondes in his hevede,

That he had in the fyghte.

He is  
healed  
of his  
wounds  
at a  
nunnery

**T**HE nonnes of hym thay were fulle  
fayne,  
for that he hade the Sarazenes  
slayne,

And those haythene houndes;

And of his paynnes sare gunne thame  
rewe,

Ilke a daye thay made salves newe,

And laid thame tille his wondes.

He takes    Thay gafe hym metis and drynkis lythe,  
his leave    And helid the knyghte wondir swythe;  
& comes    And within a lyttill stownde,  
to Acre

**T**HE knyghte purvayed bothe  
slavyne and pyke,  
And made hymselfe a palmere  
lyke,  
And thoghte that he wolde wende.  
His leve he tuke, withowttyne lesse,  
And thankede mekill the pryores,  
And alle hir nunnes hende.  
The righte waye thane takes he  
To a havene of the Grekkes see,  
Als Jhesu Cryste hym sende.  
A schippe he fonde alle redy yare,  
With a marynere alle bowne to fare,  
In Acris gunne thay lende.

**W**HENNE thay in that havene  
lenede,  
With wery bones the knyghte  
upwenede  
In to that haythene stede;  
And sevene yere he was fully thore,

With hungre, and thriste, and bones sore,  
In storrye thus als we rede.  
fulle weryly thane yode he thore aye,  
And wrechidly one nyghttis he laye  
In his povre wede,  
Goddess werkkes for to wyrke,  
To serve Gode and haly kyrke,  
And to mende his are mysdede.

An angel  
comes to  
him near  
Bethle-  
hem

**S**O it byfelle hym sonne onone,  
That alle a syde of a cunntre he hase  
thurgh gone,  
Bot mete ne drynke couthe he gete none,  
Ne hous to herbere hym inne;  
Withowttene the burghe of Bedeleme,  
He layde hym downe by a welle streme,  
fulle sore wepande for pyne.  
And als he laye, abowte mydnyghte  
Thare come an angelle faire and bryghte,  
And broghte hym brede and wyne.  
Palmere, he sayse, welcome thou bee,  
The kyng of hevene wele gretis the,  
forgyffene erre synnes thyne!

The an-  
gel brings  
tidings of  
forgive-  
ness

**A**ND welecome, he saís, Syr Ysam-  
brace!  
forgeffene es the alle thí tryspase,  
for sothe als I the sayne!  
And wele the gretis now oure hevens  
kynges,  
And grauntes the nowe his dere blys-  
synge,  
And byddes the torne agayne.  
The knyghte knelide thane appone his  
knee,  
Jhesu Criste thane thankede hee,  
He wepide so was he fayne:  
Bot wyste he never whedirwarde to gonne,  
for had he nowre no wonnyng wone,  
Bot aye to walke in payne.

**S**EVEN kynges landes hase he  
gone thurgh,  
Untille he come tille a riche burgh,  
Thare als a castelle inne stode;  
Thenne herde he telle ther wonned a  
qwene,  
That was a lady fayre and schene,  
And grete worde of hir yode,

**T**HAT everylke a daye scho gyffes at  
hir yate,  
To povre mene that golde wille take,  
fulle many fand scho there;  
Ilkone hade a florence, noghte to layne;  
Sir Ysambrace was never so fayne,  
Hym hungrede never so sare!  
Of povre mene that myghte ille goo,  
Thay tuke inne welle a sixty or moo,  
Of thame that sekeste were;  
And in thay tuke syr Ysambrace,  
At myschefe thay sawe wele that he was,  
And of hym thame rewede sare.

He comes  
to the hall  
of a great  
Queen

**T**HE riche qwene in haulle was sett,  
Knyghttes hir serves to handes  
and fete,  
Were clede in robis of palle;  
In the floure a clothe was layde,  
This povre palmere, the stewarde  
sayde,  
Salle sytt abowene yow alle.  
Mete and drynke was forthe broghte,  
Sir Ysambrace sett and ete noghte,  
Bot loked abowte in the haulle.

He tells  
his tale, &  
is bidden  
to stay

So mekilke he sawe of gamene and glee,  
And thoghte what he was wonnt to be,  
And terys lete he falle.

**S**O lange he satt and ete noghte,  
That the lady grete wondir thoghte,  
And till a knyghte gane saye,  
Bryng a chayere and a qwyschene,  
And sett yone povre palmere therin,  
That he to me telle maye  
What tydans that he hase herde and sene  
In haythynenes, whare he hase bene  
In many a wilfulle waye.  
A riche chayere than was ther fett,  
This povre palmere therin was sett,  
He tolde hir of his laye.

**A**ND so nobilly he hase hir tolde,  
That scho myghte frayne hym  
what scho wolde,  
To whils that he there sett;  
Now, palmere, scho said, I salle the  
gyffe  
Evermare whils I may lyfe,  
Thou salle hafe clothe and mete,

**A**ND a mane to serve the daye and  
nyghte,  
And a chambir faire and bryghte  
Withinne the castelle walle.

**T**he palmere thanks that lady free,  
And in hir courte thare thus duellys he,  
And thanks God of alle.

He duellid there fulle many a yere,  
Tille that he was bothe hale and fere,  
And servede in that haulle;

He was mane bothe fayre and heghe,  
Alle had wondir that hym see,  
So styлле he was withalle.

And when knyghtes went to put the  
stane,

Twelve fote over thaym everylke ane,  
He keste it als a balle;

Therefore at hym thay hade envy;

A tornament than did thay crye,

Thay thoghte to do hym quede,

And schames dede withalle.

That daye the tournament solde be stede,

Thay horsede hym on ane olde crokede  
stede,

And yitt forthoghte thame alle.

The  
knights  
envy him  
and cry a  
tourna-  
ment

He over-  
comes  
them all

**B**OT by syr Ysambrace hade redyne  
thurgh the felde,  
There was none that undir schilde  
Durst mete his crokede stede,  
That he ne gafe hym swylke a clowte,  
That bothe his eghne stode one strowte;  
Wele a sevene score garte he blede!  
And some he keste into a slake,  
That bothe braste neke and bakke,  
And many fiede for drede:  
The qwene hirsselfe at hym faste loghe,  
And sayde, My palmere es styffe enoghe,  
He es wele worthi to fede!

**A**ND so it byfelle ones appone a  
daye,  
The palmere wente to the wode  
to playe,  
Als it was are his kynde;  
The palmere sawe a neste one heghe,  
A rede clothe therinne he seghe  
Owte wappande with the wynde;  
And to the neste thane gane he wyne,  
His awene golde he sawe therinne,  
His mantille thare gane he fynde.

With eghne whenne that he sawe the  
golde,  
That his wyfe was fore solde,  
His sorowe bygane to mene.

He finds  
his gold

**T**HE golde unto his chambir he bare,  
And hyd it fulle prevaly thare,  
And wepande he went awaye;  
And aye whenne he gunne the golde see,  
He grette fulle sare for his lady,  
And to pyne tornes alle his playe!  
So lange the palmere lede that lyffe,  
That with knyghtes it waxe fulle ryffe,  
And to the lady thay gane it saye.

**A**ND so it felle appone a daye,  
The palmere went to the wode to  
playe,  
His myrthis for to mene;  
The knyghtes brake up his chambir dore,  
And fande the golde right in the flore,  
And bare it unto the qwene;  
And als sone als scho saw it with syghte,  
In swonyng than felle that swete wyghte,  
for scho had are it sene!

The  
Queen  
asks him  
whence  
the gold  
came

Scho kyssede it, and sayde, *Allas!*  
This golde aught syr *Ysambrace*,  
My lorde was wonte to bene!

**T**HAN scho to the knyghtes tolde,  
How scho was for that golde solde,  
And hir lorde was wondide sore;  
Bot faste whenne ye the palmere see,  
Dose hyme swythe to speke with me,  
Aftir hym me langes fulle sore.  
The knyghtes gane brynge hym to the  
hauille,  
The lady gane hym to concelle calle,  
And fraystes at hym there,  
Was thou ever gentylle mane?  
Whare and howe that thou this golde  
wanne?  
His sorowe thane wexe the mare!

**W**ITH dulefulle mode and herte  
fulle sare,  
He gafe the lady ane ansuare,  
And one his knee hym sett;  
And a fulle nobille tale ther tille hir he  
tolde,

My wyfe was for this golde solde,  
Myselfe was fulle sare bett!

And downe than knelide the lady  
byfore his face,

And sayde, Welecome, my lorde syr  
Ysambrace!

fulle grete joye scho hade in herte.

They are  
united, &  
he is made  
king

**T**HANE aythir of other were so  
fayne,

That thay myghte no lengere layne,

Bot to the knyghtes it tolde;

Thane crownede he was with riche gyfte,

And made hym kynge, that are was  
knyghte,

Over alle those knyghttes bolde.

**A**ND whenne he was kynge and  
bare the crowne,

He sent his sande fra towne to  
towne,

Tille ylke a ryche cete,

And he gerte krye in borowes bolde,

Riche and povre, bothe yonge and olde,

That alle solde crystende bee;

He is de- And thay that wolde noghte do swaa,  
fied by the He wolde thame bathe brynne and slaa,  
heathen Solde nothyng for thaire lyfe gaa,  
Silvere, golde, nor fee!

**A** RICHE kyng was syr Ysambrace,  
In mare welthe thane ever he was  
Of haythene landes thare;  
Crystene lawes to kepe in that tyde,  
Sandes he sente fulle ferly wyde  
To thame that haythene ware.  
Bot thay turnede alle tille ane assent,  
That schortly thereto thay ne wolde  
conscent,  
Bot to a batelle fare.  
Thay sayde, and thay myghte hym hent,  
That he solde come to thaire perlement,  
And there be bothe hangede and brynt,  
And alle that with hym were.

**A** DAYE of batelle thus was ther  
sett,  
And alle the haythene ther was  
mett  
Sir Ysambrace to slaa;

fele Sarazenes semblede that tyde,  
fra fele ferre costes to that batelle thay  
ryde

With knyghtes many and maa.

Sir Ysambrace was fulle of care,

He hade no mene with hym to fare,

His mene awaye gane gaa:

The Sarazenes faylede hym at that nede,

Be he was horsede one his stede

Thay were alle flede hym fraa.

His lady  
will fight  
by his side

**S**IR Ysambrace was thane fulle waa,  
He kyssede his lady and wolde  
furthe gaa

With sorow and hert fulle sare;

A dolefulle worde than gunne he saye,

Nowe, certis, lady, hafe now gud daye,  
for nowe and evermare!

Al lorde, scho sayd, helpe that I were  
dyghte

In armours, als I were a knyghte,

And with the wille I fare;

And God that made bothe see and lande,

My saule I wyte into thy hande,

for I kepe to lyffe no mare!

Their  
sons are  
restored  
to them

**S**ONE was the lady dyghte  
In armours, als thofe scho were  
a knyghte,  
And had bothe spere and schelde;  
Agaynes thrytty thowsandez and maa  
Come there nane bot thay twaa,  
Nyne hundrethe sone hafe thay slayne!  
And righte als thay solde hafe takene bee,  
There come rydande knyghttes three  
Appone thre bestes wylde;  
One on a lebarde, another on a unycorne,  
And one on a lyone he come byforne,  
That was thair eldeste childe!

**I**N angells wede were thay alle cledde,  
An angelle thame to the batelle lede,  
That semely was to sene:  
Thay slewe the haythene knyghttes swa,  
And of the Sarazenes many alswa,  
Ya twenty thowsandez and thre.  
Sir Ysambrace prayed the knyghttes swaa,  
Name with hym that thay walde gaa,  
And be of his menyne;  
Thay ansuerde, als the angelle tham  
kende,

for the were we to the batelle sende,  
Thyne awenne sonnes are wee!

They  
make  
great joy

**O**FTE was syr Ysambrace wele and  
woo,  
Bot never yitt als he was tho,  
One knees than he hym sett;  
He grett, and sayde wyth mylde  
stevene,  
Thankede be the heghe kyng of hevene,  
My bale thane hase he bett!  
Sir Ysambrace and that lady free  
Kyssed alle thaire childir three,  
Ilkane for joye thay grett;  
Mare joye myghte never no mane see,  
Thane men myghte one thame see,  
In armes whenne thay were mett.

**R**YCHE cete was there besyde,  
And syr Ysambrace byfore gane  
ryde  
His sonnes hame for to lede;  
Chambirs fande thay faire and bryghte,  
Robys faire and redy dyghte,  
And thare they chaunged thaire wede;

He ends  
his days  
in honour

Riche metis wantted thame nane,  
Nowther of wylde nor of tame,  
Nor no riche brede.  
fyve landis thus gunne thay wynne  
And stabylde Crystyndome thame inne,  
In storyes thus als we rede.

**A** FULLE riche kynge thane was  
syr Ysambrace,  
And coverde he hase alle his  
myscas,  
He lyffes nowe fulle richely;  
Ilkane of his sonnes he gafe a lande,  
Durst na mane agayne thame stande,  
Whare so that thay solde fare.  
Thay lyffede and dyed with gud entent,  
And sythene alle tille hevene thay went,  
Whenne that thay dede ware.  
Praye we now to hevenes kynge,  
He gyffe us alle his dere blessynge  
Nowe and evermare!

Amene. Amene.

Explicit Syr Ysambrace.

Edited by f. S. Ellis after the edition printed by J. O. Halliwell from the MS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, with a few corrections. Printed at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finished on the 14th day of July, 1897.



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